



PERNICIOUS PRAISE.

Mr. Ranty Snobbarts (holding forth). "BY JOVE, I'M AWFULLY KEEN ON HUNTIN'. AIN'T YOU, WHAT?"

Horrid Boy. "YES, BY JOVE, HE IS KEEN. WHY, WHEN HE WASN'T HUNTIN' THE FOX, HE WAS HUNTIN' HIS HORSE!"

THE NEW MODE IN HONEYMOONS.

"Africa, it would seem, is becoming quite a favourite resort for Society's bridal couples."—Extract from report of a recent fashionable wedding.]

HONEYMOON GOSSIP.

(From our special correspondents all over the world.)

Mr. and Mrs. FULLALOVE, who, it will be remembered, are honeymooning in Dahomey, have been mixing with quite the gayest set in that country. On the 25th, writes our correspondent, they attended a state banquet at Abomey, since when they have been lost sight of—though reports from the natives suggest that they have penetrated into the interior.

Lord and Lady SANDS have just concluded a delightful six weeks in the Sahara. They are now pushing home with all speed in order to take the waters.]

The Rev. SILAS and Mrs. LOVIBOND,

who are spending their honeymoon in the level country round Timbuctoo, are, we understand, living very quietly, and mixing as little as possible with the indigenous cassowaries.

Much sympathy is felt with Mrs. CROCKER, who arrived in London yesterday with a sun-umbrella and a mosquito-net as sole mementos of her husband.

The late Captain's unfortunate encounter with an alligator while the former was on his honeymoon up the Niger in a collapsible boat will be fresh in the minds of our readers.

BALLADE OF SPRING.

THE gulls have left St. James's Park
To mate by fashionable seas;
With joyful quack the ducks remark,
"How good to see the last of these!"
Now may we swim where'er we please,
Nor shall these pauper aliens clear
Our leaves and fishes whilst we freeze—
Winter has flown and Spring is here."

Now hats that served when days were dark

Are flung aside by dainty Shes
As quaint survivals of the Ark,
And off they hasten to LOUISE.

"Pneumonia" blouses court the breeze,
And doctors, seeing Fortune near,
Already count their swelling fees—
Winter has flown and Spring is here.

Now swells the tide of traffic. Hark!
The roar grows loud by swift degrees!
Long "blocks" detain the fuming clerk,
And dowagers use big, big Ds.;
Now navvies at their idle ease
Zareeb themselves with cans of beer
Among the motors and the gees—
Winter has flown and Spring is here.

Envoi.

When trenches, deeper than your knees,
In Piccadilly first appear,
Then know, though budless still the trees,
Winter has flown and Spring is here.

THE IGNORANCE OF ARTHUR: AN APOLOGY.

[Being a reply to a recent Liberal Cartoon depicting Mr. BALFOUR as a Babe-in-a-Wood, so abysmally ignorant that he actually "doesn't know when the General Election will be."]

"A SIMPLE Child that lightly draws its breath"—
Yet they complain because it lacks the skill
To fix the date of its impending death!
What should it know of things like that? Why, nil.

Scant reverence they yield to childhood's charms,
Whereof the most engaging trait is this—
From foolish wisdom's preconceived alarms
To live aloof where ignorance is bliss.

Untaught of journals (they escape his eye)
Which vent the Liberal views of grown-up men,
How could he guess that he was doomed to die,
The only point at issue being when?

How could the horrid thought have well occurred
That he was "lingering like an unloved guest,"
Like that impenetrably hardened bird
Which would not die at CALVERLEY's request?

Did ARTHUR ever read that poignant verse?
Did he attempt to work the problem out,
And gravely put to his embarrassed nurse
This question, full of philosophic doubt?—

"How was it, if he wished to have it stuffed,
The notion never entered in his head
To take it firmly by the 'enchanted tuft'
And wring its shameless neck till it was dead?"

If so, the answer was not far to seek,
And easily explained the author's plight:
His parrot, at a pinch, could boast a beak,
And would not hesitate (*he knew*) to bite.

Who'd blame the brute? Man, too, defends his hide,
And, if you want your enemy's soul dispersed,
Failing his natural death or suicide,
You must contrive somehow to kill him first.

That's the omission Russia makes to-day
When she appeals to Heaven that war may cease,
And marvels why the laggard Japs delay—
Poor hopeless imbeciles!—to sue for peace.

But as for ARTHUR and the baffled hopes
Haunting our Thameski Sobor's hungry eyes
That curse his ignorance of horoscopes
Whereby to tell the month of his demise—

I like his attitude, I like his airs
Of ignorance so utter, so complete,
The very same that THOMAS ATKINS wears,
Who never knows precisely when he's beat. O. S.

WHAT A PORE!—Speaking of the unparalleled difficulties overcome by the engineers in the construction of the Simplon Tunnel, the *Evening News* remarks that after six and a quarter miles of boring from each end, "the workers on the Italian and Swiss sides of the mountain had to meet at exactly the same spot." But surely their difficulties were not to be compared with those experienced in cases where the engineers have had to meet at places half a mile apart.

HONOURING SHAKSPEARE.

INFLUENTIAL and representative meetings in favour of, or in opposition to, the proposed Shakspeare Memorial continue to be held daily, so frequently, indeed, that the ordinary Press cannot cope with them. *Mr. Punch* is, however, able to deal this week with one such important but overlooked gathering.

The Meeting was held in the ball-room in Mr. SIDNEY LEE's beautiful house at Kensington, and there were present, *inter alia*, Mr. GOSSE, Mr. HALL CAINE, and the verger of Stratford-on-Avon church. Mr. BEERBOHM TREE occupied the chair.

After the Chairman had made some opening remarks he read a number of letters from eminent persons who were unable to be present, among them HACKENSCHMIDT, who favours the Memorial scheme, Father GAFON, who is still on the fence, and Mr. WALKLEY, who supports every movement impartially.

Mr. SIDNEY LEE said that no one could be a more whole-hearted admirer of SHAKSPEARE than himself. He had an arrangement by which Avon water was laid on at his house at Kensington for use both in his tub and in his tea. He doubted if anyone present could say as much. (*Sensation and prolonged cheering.*) He had also written the poet's Life. (*Frantic applause.*) But when it came to a National Memorial he felt it his duty to move very slowly. There were not only pros but there were cons. (*Cheers.*) For himself he was both a conner and a proser. ("Hear! hear!") Possibly a strongly-worded whip calling upon everyone to purchase the standard Life of the poet might meet the case. Possibly not. At present he preferred to think about it and give no opinion.

Mr. BADGER said he was not often drawn; he lived for the most part a very retired life; but the name of SHAKSPEARE always sent him to his cheque book. (*Cheers.*) There was no money he was not prepared to give for a Shakspeare Memorial. (*Cheers.*) He could not say why, but there it was. It was his hobby. One man had a yacht, another a race-horse; his own line was SHAKSPEARE. He hoped that no one present intended to say a word against the Bard.

Mr. CHOATE, the American Ambassador, in a witty speech, said that if the right place for a poet's memorial were in the midst of his greatest admirers the Shakspeare Memorial should be erected not here at all but in America. (*Whistles.*)

Miss MARIE CORELLI, who was received with Kentish fire, said that Stratford-on-Avon was, in her opinion, the best national memorial to SHAKSPEARE. London did not need anything else. Was there not a Shakspearian statue in Leicester Square? One or two discreet and powerful admirers of the poet could and would do more to keep his name before the public than any Memorial was likely to. As for Mr. LEE's boast about his use of Avon water, that was doubtless very clever; but for her part she would not dare to rob the Avon of a drop. On the contrary, she often augmented the sacred river with her tears. But she should discontinue the practice now that she knew the fluid found its way into Mr. LEE's tea.

Dr. FURNIVALL declared it as his conviction that the objection to the Memorial was based solely on parsimony. Everybody must approve of it, but a certain proportion were so afraid of being asked for a subscription that they affected disapproval. The idea of erecting a building in SHAKSPEARE's honour at this date was so sound that it must be approved, except by the pitifully mean and miserly.

Mr. G. BERNARD SHAW warmly opposed any Memorial to the poet. Personally, he had no opinion of any dramatist whose work was produced at night, as SHAKSPEARE's undoubtedly had been. He himself was a daylight dramatist, and should remain one. Nothing was so vulgar as to be performed at night. His idea of a play was one which half the audience could not see because of the *matinée* hats, and half could not hear because of the altercations with the ladies who wore them. So far as he had been able to discover, SHAKSPEARE's plays



A CHANGE OF RIDERS.

LORD S-I-P-R-E. "WHAT SORT OF A MOUNT IS HE?"
LORD M-L-N-R. "A BIT TRICKY. KEEP A LIGHT HAND—CURB LOOSE, AND RIDE HIM ON THE SNAFFLE."

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had been both seen and heard. The best thing to do with SHAKSPEARE was to forget him.

The verger of Stratford-on-Avon church said that undoubtedly the county had got hold of a good thing in WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, and it would be a thousand pities not to behave accordingly. He was not much of a reader himself, but he flattered himself that he knew what was what when he met it. When he saw men like Mr. ENO come forward with their cheque-books in their hands he was certain he was on the right side. But he could support nothing that diverted interest in SHAKSPEARE from Stratford-on-Avon; any Memorial there might be must be erected there. He had heard it said that the best service that could be done to SHAKSPEARE's memory would be to put a barbed-wire fence round Stratford-on-Avon; but he had no notion what the speaker could mean—especially as if it was barbed no one could sit on it. SHAKSPEARE could not be better honoured than at his birthplace. Some visitors were so much interested in his tomb that they didn't ask for any change out of half-a-crown.

Mr. GOSSE said that if a good serviceable model of what English people can do in the way of Memorials were needed there was one in Kensington Gardens, exactly opposite the Albert Hall. In the speaker's opinion SHAKSPEARE should have a Memorial like that. In fact the poet himself clamoured for one. (*Profound sensation.*) If they would turn to *Richard II.*, Act V., Scene 1, they would find the reference: "My guilt be on my head, and there an end." It is true that in the Albert Memorial the guilt was all over; but SHAKSPEARE had always known where to stop. He, the speaker, personally should vote for an Albert Memorial for the poet, with only the head guilt.

Mr. W. S. GILBERT supported the Memorial absolutely. England was, he said, the very best country in which such tributes could be fostered. We had the true Memorial spirit. As an example of our fitness to build and support Memorials, the speaker pointed to the Imperial Institute. What could be more useful? he asked. Or take the Stratford-on-Avon trustees and the conspicuous success and harmony with which they managed their affairs. By all means, let us have a Shakspeare Memorial: it was just what the poet needed. Why not at South Kensington or Earl's Court? Or at Olympia, which is still empty? He begged to propose Mr. IMRE KIRALFY as designer.

Mr. HALL CAINE said he rose with the utmost diffidence; but it was one of the unwritten laws of his life that one man of letters should stand by another. SHAKSPEARE's fame was undoubtedly in



'THE EARTHLY PARADISE.'

"WHAT REASON DID HE GIVE FOR WISHING TO BREAK OFF THE ENGAGEMENT SO SOON?"

"HE SAID THE REPORT THAT HE WAS ENGAGED TO ME HAD NOT EXTENDED HIS CREDIT NEARLY AS MUCH AS HE HAD HOPED FOR."

danger of being out-lusted by more modern writers, and it would perhaps be well, considering his very creditable record, if steps were at once taken, before it was too late, to fix his memory. He, the speaker, had given considerable thought to the matter, and had come to the conclusion that the best form of Memorial was a statue. But here a difficulty presented itself—how, at this date, to get a likeness of the Bard? This difficulty, however, was happily not insuperable. He, the speaker, was perhaps the only man in the world who could help them out. He would sit to the sculptor himself. (*Terrific applause.*)

Mr. SIDNEY LEE said he had now made up his mind that London certainly ought to have within it some continual visible reminder of SHAKSPEARE's existence.

Mr. LANG asked if Mr. LEE himself did not answer to that description.

Mr. JOHN BURNS said that the best Memorial to SHAKSPEARE was a well-thumbed copy of his works. (*"Shame!"*)

With this revolutionary expression the Meeting dissolved; and it is still undecided whether SHAKSPEARE is to go on as he is or to continue to serve as a platform for those who like to be heard.

TO OUR BROTHER APE.

[Statistics are at hand to show that the wage-earning capacity of a well-trained monkey at the present day represents some thousands of pounds a year.]

YE hairy sprites that through the tropic scrub
Do dodge the native's well-directed club,
Or tail to tail in amorous festoons
Traverse the Amazon's remote lagoons;
Whose nimble fingers, undeterred by oaths,
Nightly remove the traveller's underclothes,
Or pinch his boots, or mirthfully insert
The quivering centipede within his shirt;
And ye sublime but comatose baboons
That haunt the foothills of the Cameroons,
Whose manners bear the undisputed brand
That marks the subjects of the Fatherland;
And all ye other monkeys, brown and black,
Ape, Guenon, Langur, Gibbon and Macaque,
Orang Utang, Gorilla, Chimpanzee,
Desert the spruit and leave your native tree,
And come to London town, where we assure you
Fortune and Fame are waiting to allure you.
Don the insignia of performing apes,
And woo the Million with assorted japes,
Grasping with rude but apprehending mind
The nobler arts that dignify mankind.
Take to a pipe, assume a taste for bitter,
And learn to play the banjo or the zither;
Wear fancy waistcoats, ride a motor bike,
Sing comic songs, do anything you like,
Only arrive, and lo! to watch your feats
The curious throng will crowd the cheaper seats;
Ay, not a man in London but is willing,
Foregoing lunch, to come and pay his shilling.
Or, if your free unfettered apeshood smart
Beneath the tawdry cloak of borrowed art,
Perform no wonders: simply sit and grin,
And still the filthy dross will tumble in!
We will not carp if your performance tally
With that which graced the long-lamented Sally;
We will not look upon you as a bore
Because your feats have all been done before
By other apes anterior to you,
Some on the Halls and others at the Zoo.
Then hie thee hither, "Barbary's nimble son,"
Not wistfully pendent from the "proffered bun,"
As in the days of CALVERLEY, nor ground
By swart Italians on their daily round,
But washed with care and combed with loving pride,
And full of rich comestibles inside.
Then come, ye lissom Troglodytes that rove
Blithe but untrousered through the spicy grove,
Hearing the artless native murmur "Gosh!"
Stung by the impact of the heavy squash,
Or leaving private ends to spank with mild
Corrective hand the Elephant his Child;
And ye that still in many a thievish clan
Adorn the sacred fanes of Hindustan,
Dusky Entellus, Hanuman and Rhesus,
Come, and you'll all wax opulent as CROesus.
Our Halls are yours, a monumental sum
Shall constitute your honorarium,
And you shall hold our undisturbed affection
From now until the General Election!

ALGOL.

IMPERIAL HISTORY.—On Monday last *King Henry the Fifth* became *King Henry the Fiftieth*—performance, as represented by Mr. WALLER at the Imperial Theatre, Westminster.

A JUBILEE.

ON Saturday, February 25, the A. D. C., that is, the Amateur Dramatic Club of Cambridge University, celebrated its Jubilee. The story of its life up to the present time was told, within certain limits imposed by journalistic exigencies, in the *Daily Telegraph* of that date, and the speech of the Founder, as delivered at the banquet, was well reported in the *Morning Post* of Monday, February 27. Mr. Punch would like to record, at the earliest possible opportunity afforded him, the great success of this exceptional occasion.

The Chairman of Ways and Means, the Right Hon. J. W. LOWTHIER, temporarily released from his onerous duties, led off the toasts and speeches by beamingly giving out the King's gracious message of congratulations and good wishes to the President of the A. D. C., as representing the Club, which was received with the utmost enthusiasm. For had not his MAJESTY, when Prince of WALES, been Patron of the Club, and had not his personal assistance and his kindly interest in its well-being been of the greatest value to the Club in its earlier days? Certainly; so the toast of our Royal Benefactor was received with such extra hearty cheers as might agreeably have surprised even the King himself, had his Majesty, accustomed as he is to the heartiest ovations, been present on this memorable evening.

That the Guest of the Evening was deeply touched by the affectionate reception given to him, and by the earnest attention accorded to him by everyone present, *cela va sans dire*. He regretted the enforced absence of the Prime Minister, but was able to give an anecdote of Mr. BALFOUR when acting as prompter, furnished by Mr. BALFOUR himself. The speech of Professor Sir RICHARD JERR, the oldest member present, except his neighbour at table, the Dean of HEREFORD, was most interesting. It was admirably replied to on behalf of "Actors past and present" by Lord WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY.

The Colonial Secretary, the Right Hon. A. LYTTLETON, sang the praises of the "Treasurers past and present," to which Mr. J. W. CLARK, the Librarian of the University, and Mr. W. DURNFORD of King's, separately, though bracketed together, as if they were to have joined in a duet, replied. Their speeches, dealing with the most practical business of present and future, represented financial matters as quite a pleasant little holiday task.

Then, in a neat speech, the present President of the A. D. C., Mr. C. H. CHALMERS, cordially proposed the Chairman's health, which was acclaimed as though the *convives* had not been cheering and hip-hip-hipping the whole evening, and evoked from the Chairman, as fresh and ready as ever, a most happily expressed tag that served as a triumphant finale to the banquet.

But all was not over yet. The Ancients had time to look about them ere quitting the Guildhall, and not a few of the elder visitors, approaching the orchestra, whence had proceeded the sweet strains that introduced the courses and the two first speeches, suddenly started back, grasped each other's arms, and exclaimed, in tones that *Hamlet* ought to employ when he sees his father's ghost, "O our prophetic souls!"—can this possibly be that eminent violinist without whom, with his Stradivarius, years ago, and reckoning from before that date almost up to the present time, no undergraduate's party was ever complete, whose real name few of us knew, but who was thought of, addressed, and thoroughly respected as 'Whiteheaded Bon'? Is it? Nay, 'tis." Then one after another takes him by the hand, greeting him most cordially, and Bon beams again as though he were but just a beginner on the violin, and as if, once again accompanied by his two faithful followers, one on a cornet-à-piston and t'other on the harp, he were receiving some most exceptionally gratifying tribute of "bobs up" as a reward for his temporary services.

Then we adjourn to the Club Rooms of the A. D. C., and



HIS HOBBY.

Friend (to Sportaman, who has just taken a toss into a ploughed field). "HULLOA! WHERE ON EARTH HAVE YOU BEEN?"
Sportaman. "Oh, 'BACK TO THE LAND,' ALWAYS WAS A FAD OF MINE, YOU KNOW!"

here at eleven, a very late hour for commencing, is given us the immortal "Screen Scene," capitably rendered by Mr. J. J. QUILL as *Sir Peter*, Mr. SCHOLFIELD as *Joseph*, Mr. TATHAM as *Charles*, Mr. P. M. HERBERT as *Joseph's servant*, and Mr. G. P. L. ORR, as a really admirable *Lady Teazle*.

On a page in the programme facing that containing the cast of "The Screen Scene" is a "copy of the first programme of the Club." What is it? SHAKESPEARE? SHERIDAN? VICTOR HUGO? MOLIÈRE? Alas! the names of the authors are not mentioned, but those of the three pieces are—it was "a triple bill"—"A Fast Train! High Pressure!! Express!!! The Burlesque Tragic Opera of *Bombastes Furioso*,—To conclude with (the laughable farce of) *Did you ever send your Wife to Camberwell?*"

Rather a leap and bound from the somewhat rough-and-tumble performance of an old Adelphi farce, dating from over fifty years ago, to the immortally-perfect comedy of SHERIDAN, not for any age but for all time. But *Bombastes* is a classic, and even now this deponent is certain that, were it played by experienced actors possessing the true tragedy instinct for burlesque, *Bombastes Furioso*, without its musical numbers, of which the *raison d'être* has been entirely lost, if produced for a limited number of representations would achieve a remarkable success. This by the way. Then the entire entertainment was brought to an end by Mr. SCHOLFIELD's well emphasised delivery of a sparkling epilogue, specially written for the occasion by Professor Sir RICHARD JEBB, M.P., who, failing to appear in answer to the hearty appreciative plaudits of the audience, impressed upon us all by his

absence that now indeed was the witching hour of night, when not to be either within College walls or safe in lodgings might result, even on this special occasion, in private and personal visits having to be paid, by special request of tutors, to those in authority. So broke we up, and, as the hour of midnight boomed, all congratulated themselves on a triumphant finish to the Jubilee of the A. D. C., which with the last stroke of midnight entered upon the fifty-first year of its happy existence.

"Let Henry fret, and all the world repine."

1 Hen. VI. v. 2.

Good news from Wolverhampton. Mr. PUNCH is delighted to be able to announce Sir HENRY IRVING's triumphal progress through the state of Convalescence towards the domain of Perfect Health, when he shall "enjoy his own again." Everyone will acclaim the festival of his Restoration, for, once more to quote the ever-ready Bard, "Whom should we match with HENRY?"

In a testimonial dated from one of His Majesty's ships we read, "Whilst cruising the other day, one of the blades of our propeller came off, and I had to go and solder a spare one on. It was rather a long and tiring job, and I sincerely believe if it hadn't been for ——— Cocoa I should never have got through." It looks as if our friend the Handy Man had been pulling somebody's leg.

THE DAILY BAWL.

A Paper written exclusively by Footballers for Footballers.

UNPREJUDICED observers will readily admit that the lack of attention given to sport is the great deficiency of the modern Press. It will hardly be believed a century hence that whilst the brewer, the Nonconformist, and the stockbroker each had his own particular paper, the footballer had no daily organ in the Press, and that the very news in which the British public was chiefly interested was cut down to a miserable half-dozen columns or at best a couple of paltry pages. The *Daily Bawl* will supply this long-felt want. It will deal with the game, the whole game, and nothing but the game. For such a paper there was only one possible editor, and the proprietors are proud to announce that he has consented to fill this responsible post.

In the politics of the game the *Daily Bawl* will strive to hold the balance level between all parties. On the great question of the hour—the maximum wage—we shall take up a Balfourian attitude: Free Trade in players coupled with Protection for clubs. No offensive spirit of partisanship will be allowed to creep into our columns. We shall treat the First League and the Southern League with absolute impartiality. The reader will ever find us, as Mr. HOSEA BIGLOW finely said, “facing South by North.”

Amongst the numerous features of interest we propose to introduce, our “Daily Bulletin” will perhaps prove most attractive. Our readers will find in it, arranged in due order, a full account of the health, physical occupation and mental occupation (if any) of every first-class football player during the preceding twenty-four hours.

Another novel feature will be “Football in the Police Courts.” The proprietors of the *Daily Bawl* feel that many instructive and amusing incidents of a footballer's life never secure the attention they deserve. Therefore all police-court cases in which spectators are charged with assaulting referees, players, or each other, or in which players are alleged to have attacked onlookers, opponents, or referees, will receive their due—a verbatim report. The bare summaries given at present in the Press give a most inadequate idea of these interesting cases.

Our Daily Financial Column will be conducted by an expert of great experience. On all such questions as the payment of players, the squaring of Cup-ties, and the amount of gate-money, his judgment will prove of immense value.

Our Daily Market List, containing the

transfer fee of every unsettled player, will be of the greatest assistance to all club secretaries.

Nor do we intend to neglect the growing army of lady football enthusiasts. Each day our Ladies' Column will contain a special interview with the wife of some famous football player. In our first number Mrs. MUGGINS, wife of the ever famous MUGGINS of the Tottenham Trampers, will be “At Home” to our interviewer. Every Saturday we shall present our lady readers with a pattern of a match blouse. A thoughtful article by “Claudia Clear-the-Goal,” of the *British Weekly*, on “Football as a Training for Sale Crushes,” will appear in an early issue.

As for the great League Games, it is our hope to give an account of every kick in every match. Important details, such as the pattern of the referee's knickers, the number of times the whistle was blown, the length of the interval in seconds, and the repartees of the crowd, will be carefully recorded.

Another feature will be a crisp Medical Column. Every Monday it will be illustrated by vivid photographs of the cuts, scratches, bruises and bites suffered by distinguished footballers in Saturday's matches. But the *Daily Bawl* will be far from a gloomy paper. Though its medical column will show the seamy side of a footballer's life, yet its page of “Dressing-Room Drivel” will show how the great men are able to forget their troubles and enjoy a jest even as the humblest onlooker might do.

To an early issue it is expected that Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING will contribute a “Hymn to be sung by referees before going into action.” Mr. HALL CAINE's great Serial Story, *The Snare of the Foulter*, will deal with the sad fate of a great centre forward whose methods of play were too strenuous, and will incidentally set the parable of the Good Samaritan in quite a new light. Under bright breezy headings, such as “Blackburn Blither,” “Pompey Piffle,” “Fulham Facetie,” “Rot from Reading,” experienced correspondents in every centre will furnish chatty daily notes.

Still the proprietors of the *Daily Bawl* recognise that a paper should be something more than an organ for retailing news. A journal without a moral motive is sure to fail. In these days conscience and circulation go together. So, in no spirit of arrogance, may we say that if we can make six spectators assist at a football match where only one assisted before, if we can give the British workman the opportunity of thoughtfully criticising a great match every afternoon in the week, we shall have deserved well of the nation. Our ambition—perhaps a wild one—is to see Daily League Football. Does the cynical reader say this

is a fantastic dream? Let him remember that often the dreams of to-day are the realities of to-morrow.

A GREAT SPECIALIST.

INTERESTING INTERVIEW WITH SIR OLIVER LODGE.

By Hilary Bellie.

A WONDERFUL dome-shaped forehead shining with white light, wistful eyes of unfathomable lustre penetrating far beyond the “flaming walls of the world,” as poor old LUCRETIVUS hath it, a finely chiselled anti-Grecian nose, a wise yet tender mouth, and a strenuous chin draped with a full Gothic beard—the whole set firmly on a massive frame, and garbed neatly but austere in the conventional habiliments of civilisation. So much for the outer man of the Principal of Birmingham University, whose heroic attack on orthodox methods of teaching mathematics has led to the famous phrase, “The fruits of the battle of Waterloo were lost in the pages of COLENSO.”

But the inner man, the mighty mind, the *mens agitans molem*—how can any interviewer, no matter how susceptible to the emanations of genius, render even approximate justice to its sacred and self-sacrificing ebullitions? For just think for a moment of the tremendous surrender of opportunities involved in OLIVER LODGE's present attitude. Impelled alike by instinct and equipment to win undying laurels in the field of research, he is yet so permeated by the desire to promote the greatest efficiency of the greatest number that he has deliberately resolved to give up to the public what was meant for the laboratory!

As we were ushered into Sir OLIVER's sanctum at Birmingham yesterday, with a glad smile he swept aside his books and papers and expressed his readiness to devote an hour or two to the unfolding of his plan of campaign for the next few weeks.

“I suppose it must be the atmosphere of Birmingham,” he said half apologetically, “and its infection of energy, that enables me to get through so much work. Just look at my list of engagements for the next fortnight,” and he handed me a type-written document which ran as follows:—

March 8.—Presidential Address to the Sutton Coldfield Golf Club—“Christian Science as a cure for Foozling.”

March 9.—Lecture at West Bromwich Theosophical Society—“Rational Dress for Astral bodies.”

March 10.—Aston Villa Debating Society—“Wireless telegraphy in the Cricket Field.”

March 11.—Edgbaston Literary Society—“The true theory of Puns.”

March 13.—Bournville Mechanics' Institute (Mr. CADBURY in the chair)—“Clairvoyance as a means to commercial success in the Cocoa trade.”

March 14.—The Pioneer Club—“Telepathy at Bridge.”

March 15.—National Sporting Club—“On the Vortex theory as applied to clay pigeons.”

March 16.—Birmingham Town Hall—“Does Birmingham really want a Bishop?”

“I perceive your post of Principal is no sinecure,” I observed, as I handed back the formidable list.

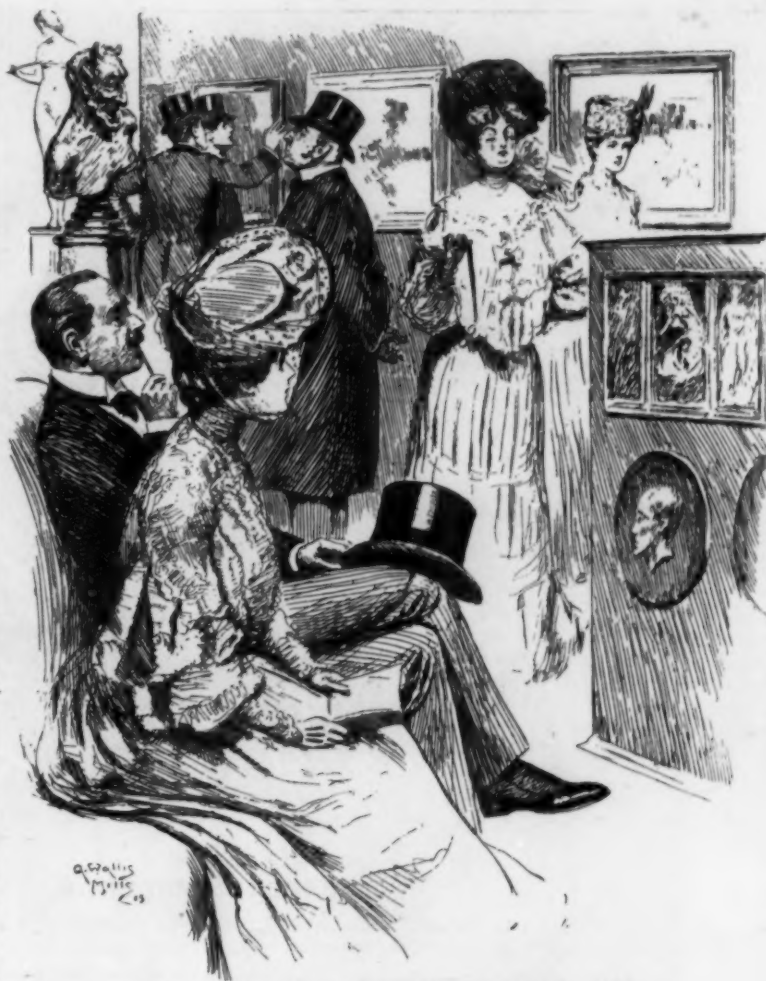
“No, indeed,” responded the great scientist. “But you must not imagine that this is a complete list of my engagements. For instance, it takes no account of interviews, speeches, or the writing of a constant succession of articles for newspapers and magazines. At this moment I have no fewer than seven on hand, viz., ‘Tight-lacing in the Dolomites,’ ‘Prehistoric Cookery,’ ‘How to Reform the Royal Society,’ ‘The neglect of Association football at Rugby School,’ ‘On the place of the Turbine in Modern Orchestration,’ ‘Devotional Dancing,’ and ‘The Economics of the Three-Card Trick.’”

“It must be very hard,” I observed, “to concentrate your attention on the matters which concern the immediate interest of the Birmingham University?”

“Hard?” replied the Principal; “it is almost impossible. Take the case of Eton, for example. In consequence of some severe but perfectly justifiable criticism on the futility of Etonian methods of education, I have been assailed in the pages of the School Magazine. It would be treason to Birmingham for me to take this rebuke ‘lying down,’ and I have accordingly arranged to attend a meeting of ‘Pop’ next week, at which I propose to vindicate and substantiate my charges, and at the same time to deliver a lecture on the peremptory need for substituting instruction in Hypnotism for Latin Verse in the school curriculum.”

“I suppose you take some interest in the appointment of Dr. WARRE’s successor?” I asked.

“Of course I do,” heartily rejoined Sir OLIVER. “Holding that the present régime is only fruitful in futility, I am bound to strain every nerve to promote the appointment of a strenuous and enlightened head-master, and have accordingly sent in my application for the post. I admit that it will be difficult to combine the duties of my new post with my journalistic engagements, but in view of the dearth of suitable candidates and the crying need of restoring Eton’s prestige I had no alternative but to compete. It will not, I think, involve a change of residence, as my new system of psychic



OVERHEARD IN A PICTURE GALLERY.

Husband (art connoisseur). “WHAT A PERFECT ENAMEL!”

Wife. “YOU MEAN THE ONE IN THE BLACK HAT?”

telegraphy will enable me to conduct all the necessary business from Birmingham.”

As I looked at his splendidly bulbous brow, which seemed to expand visibly during this momentous recital, somehow or other the lines came into my head—

“And still the wonder grew
One single head could carry all he knew.”

Stifling my amazement I asked, “Is it true, Sir OLIVER, that your size in hats is No. 9?”

“Yes,” laughingly replied the great encyclopædist, “and the remarkable part of the thing is that when I came to Birmingham I used to wear a hat of exactly the same circumference as Mr. GLADSTONE, whereas now I require one two sizes larger.”

“I suppose the fact is that the brain

grows with exercise just like the biceps?” I hazarded.

“Precisely so,” replied the Principal. “But I fear that I must now conclude our interesting conversation, as I am expecting a representative of the *Church Times*, to whom I have promised to communicate my views on the Revival in Wales.”

I apologised for detaining the Principal so long from the discharge of his official duties, and took an affectionate leave. And yet there are people who say that the world only produces second-rate men nowadays!

More Commercial Candour.

“Don’t go Elsewhere to be Swindled,
COME TO ME.”



UNDER CORRECTION.

Fare. "HANS MANSIONS."

Cabby. "QUEEN HANNE'S MANSIONS, I SUPPOSE YOU MEAN, MISS?"

THE LITTLE THINGS.

COME, lend a hand and lift me, Tom, and prop me in my bed;
There's tags and rags of things I've done a-buzzing through
my head.

I've got the word to sail to-night; my port I do not know;
But I must clear the lumber off before it's time to go.

I ain't done much that's mighty good nor much that's very
bad;

I've had a knock-out blow or two, and bits of fun I've had.
I've done my turn of sailing and took it as it came,
And I'll be there—I always was—to answer to my name.

My head's a whirl of little things; the bigger things are
gone;

I mind the day I upped and fought my poor old brother JOHN.
I see my mother darning socks and smiling kind to me;
And didn't father clout me once for spilling of my tea!

I see my little sister SAL—I think she's standing there,
A little bit of pinky bow a-shining in her hair.

I've not set eyes on SAL for years; but, Tom, before I sail
I'd like to say, "I'm sorry, SAL, I pulled your kitten's tail."

There's many other things I've done, but there, I hear the
bell;

I know that where the others went I've got to go as well.

It's eased my mind to talk like this, and, now the anchor's
weighed,
I'm off to face the wind and waves, and, Tom, I ain't afraid.
Tis.

"SIDE LINES."

(From Our Agony Columns.)

BOLD LADY.—How do you do your hair?

"She will have worshippers enow,
Who wears our CRIMPERS on her brow."

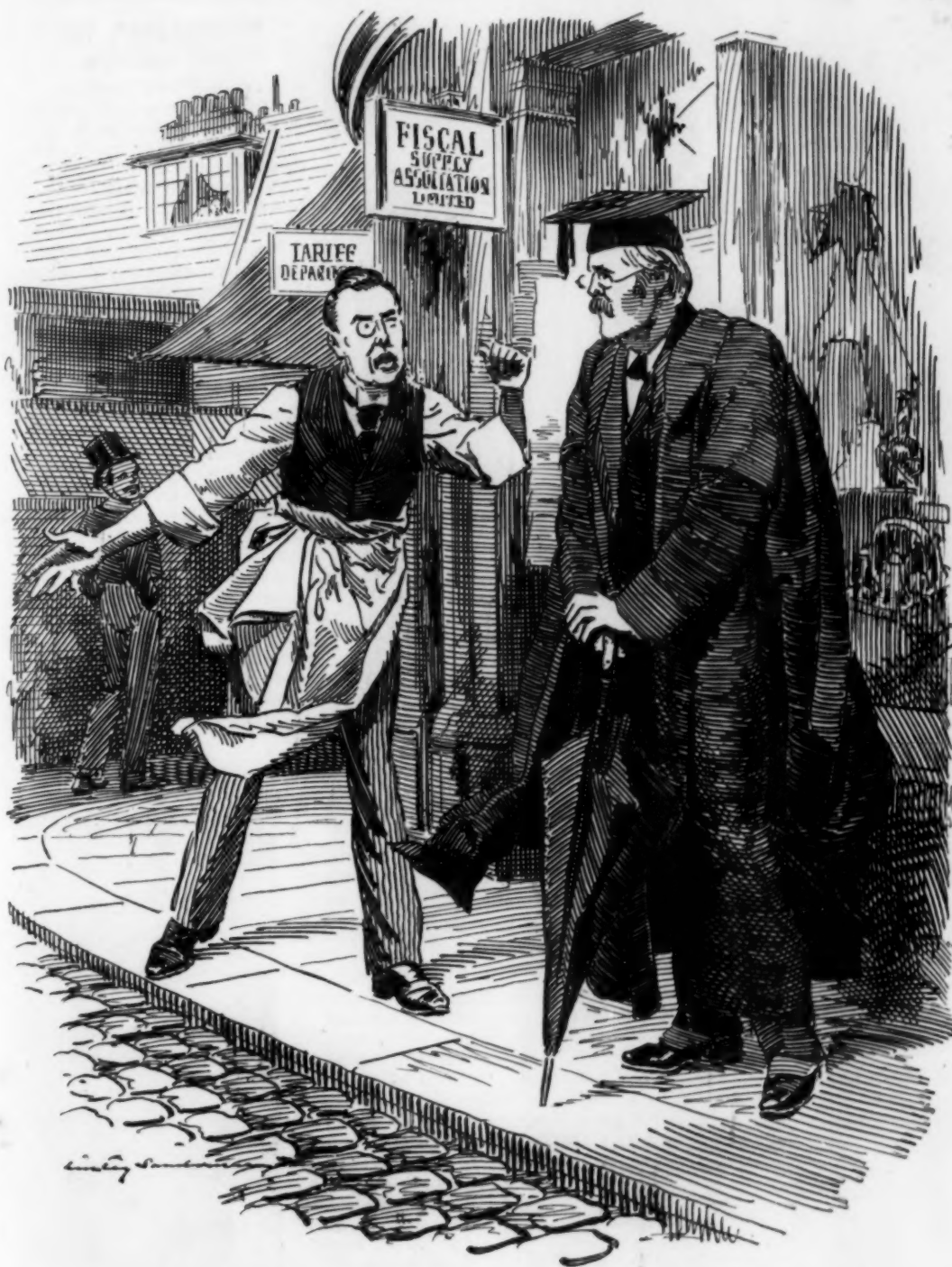
Have you bought those delightful revolving heels?—**NOISY
WORSHIPPER.**

NOISY WORSHIPPER.—Could not see me at King's X? You should have one of Bogus's compound opera-glasses, purchasable on the *Times* system of monthly payments. No deposit. So near and yet so far!—**BOLD LADY.**

BOLD LADY.—Taste our Pension Tea and die. The best cure for melancholia and dyspepsia. Farewell till Tuesday.—**NOISY WORSHIPPER.**

NOISY WORSHIPPER.—Cannot walk, darling. Am dying. Do not forget. (Buy *Bunkum's Unique Memory System*, of all booksellers.)—**BOLD LADY.**

BOLD LADY.—"One kiss—and then oblivion." Buy our blush eradicator, 1s. 1½d. net. Try it in your bath. Of all chemists.—**NOISY WORSHIPPER.**



PREFERENTIAL TREATMENT.

MANAGER OF THE TARIFF REFORM STORES (to HEAD MASTER, DR. ARTHUR B-L-F-R). "THAT BOY MASTER HUGH CECIL HAS BEEN BREAKING MY WINDOWS. HE OUGHT TO BE EXPELLED!"

DR. A. B. "WELL, BUT YOU SEE HE IS ONE OF OUR MOST TALENTED BOYS. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE HIM."

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ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday night.—Pretty to see how some fine natures retain to last the gold of ingenuousness. JOHN KENNAWAY, though not old as statesmen go, is not exactly a chicken. Much water has passed under Exeter Bridge since he went "On SHERMAN's Track." The American General, as we know, managed to get away: but that was the fortune of war. KENNAWAY had the satisfaction of describing his personal experiences in a volume much thumbled by Jews converted under the auspices of the London Society of which he is the esteemed President.

In a useful life modestly lived Sir JOHN is unconsciously able to do quite a double kindness on such occasion as presented itself this afternoon. STEVENSON brings on by way of Amendment to the Address case of Macedonia and Armenia, trodden under the slipper of the Turk. We are all sorry for the subject races who, according to Earl PERCY, when not being burned or slaughtered by the Turks, avoid *ennui* by slaying or singeing each other. But we won't sit in our places throughout debate on the subject.

Thus it came to pass that STEVENSON's fluency rippled over empty benches. SARK counted an average of 32 present throughout a speech of considerable



ACCURACY NO OBJECT.

Mr. Balfour. "Photographing my side of the House, eh? If you'll give me a few minutes I'll send for my friends and you shall take a nice group of us all together!"

Messrs. Lloyd-George and McKenna. "Oh! no, thank you; we prefer a very rapid exposure—a snap-shot will answer our purpose perfectly!"

length. On the Treasury Bench PERCY was sole Relique of a dispersed Ministry. Later, when the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs rose to reply with that weighty manner that awes the Chancelleries of Europe, PRINCE ARTHUR strolled in with obvious intent to keep a fatherly eye on his bantling.

Still, two Ministers on the Bench whilst a question affecting the peace of Europe is to the fore is a spectacle that would have waked up PAM even in his most somnolent days, would have been impossible, even in such recent times as Dizzy's. Example set in high places obediently followed on humbler levels. Above and below Gangway on both sides stretched arid wastes suggestive of recent raid of Bashi Bazouks on Armenian vilayet.

Happily of the 32 who came and went was Sir JOHN KENNAWAY; that at the lowest computation makes 33. In height and girth Sir JOHN is equivalent to the representation of two seats, say for King's Lynn. But what are even two amidst so few?

It was in the opening sentence of his speech that the man before whom

SHERMAN fled blushed like a girl and stammered like a young Middy when, ashore, his Admiral stops to speak to him. There was no harm done; certainly none meant. All that Sir JOHN said in his opening sentence was, "After the exhaustive argument we have just listened to—" Then, with guilty look round the empty House, finally resting on STEVENSON sitting opposite, naturally expectant of something nice to be said about him by the Member who was seconding his proposition, the burly Baronet stopped in state of embarrassment that unfortunately accentuated the painful situation.

Strictly speaking there was nothing the most sensitive might complain of in use of the word "exhaustive." If Sir JOHN had said "exhausting" it would, of course, have been different.

His honest intention was to be complimentary. He desired to suggest that, with his intimate knowledge of the case, his unhesitating flow of words, his level voice, his immobile attitude, the preceding speaker had really left nothing more to be said.

All the same, coming at the end of a



MACEDONIA AND ARMENIA.

"Unhesitating flow of words, level voice and immobile attitude."

(Mr. St-v-ne-n.)



"OFF, STANLEY, OFF!!!"

The Cap'en. "What! show a clean pair o' heels, eh, my hearties?! Just you stop and hear a piece o' my mind!"

(Mr. T-nny B-w-l-s, Lord St-nl-y and a portion of Mr. A-lw-n F-l-l-w-s.)

three-quarters-of-an-hour speech which emptied the House, the choice of the adjective was perhaps not happy. It was one of the things that our dear DU MAURIER used to say "might have been put differently."

Business done.—Speeches about Macedonia, whose fortunes are still going down, and on Sugar, whose price ever goes up.

Some talk about our F. C. B.'s reminiscences of the Premier at Cambridge on Saturday night. Speaking of his membership of the A. D. C., F. C. B. recalled how PRINCE ARTHUR once dropped the curtain prematurely.

"Got over that tendency now," growls C.-B., thinking of deferred Dissolution.

Tuesday Night.—The quick response the House makes to able speaker, even in moments of profoundest depression, illustrated just now. Dear sugar may be, doubtless is, rankling in bosom of multitude of housewives; has played its part in by-elections; its influence will be felt in the coming pitched battle at the polls. But prolongation of debate into second day is more than House can stand. Recognises the hollowness of the affair.

Convention is in operation; must necessarily run its appointed period. Thing been debated over and over again through two long years. Members have taken sides in controversy; not to be moved by the lamentations of Mr. LOUGH, the coruscations of Mr. KEARLEY, or the demonstration of Brother GERALD that brown sugar at 3d. per pound is really cheaper than it was when, before the Brussels Convention got to work, the genial grocer smilingly accepted 2d., sometimes, by way of bonus, adding a stale bun.

Still the talk goes on by the lengthening hour; benches empty, atmosphere of weariness unutterable fills chamber darkening in the chill shadows of a February afternoon.

BONAR LAW unexpectedly rises and lo! the tide of humanity turns and flows in till the benches, long empty, fill with interested crowd. Under Secretary for Board of Trade does not often speak; he leaves the privilege to his betters who sit in the Cabinet. When, as to-day, he breaks silence he proves himself one of the best debaters on Treasury Bench, exceeded perhaps only by PRINCE ARTHUR, and that in quite another fashion.

His position to-day paradoxical. An avowed Protectionist, he conclusively showed how good a thing it is to abolish bounties. Without assistance of notes limited even to half a sheet of paper, he delivered speech bristling with vigour, buttressed by facts. So quietly spoken, so clever, so persuasive, that it extorted the outspoken admiration of gentlemen opposite, who recognised (or thought they did) that the skilfully builded structure was founded on the sands of fallacy.

Business done.—On Sugar Question Government majority runs up to 65.

Friday night.—Session barely three weeks old, but the babe is already blasé. Began on wrong principle. After the stiff glass of absinthe mixed by Sir ANTHONY MACDONNELL, Parliamentary diners have no taste for the *vin ordinaire* of the prosaic course. AGLAND - HOOD, pinker and pinker in hue, manages to keep a sufficient number of men within hail for contingent divisions; but they won't remain in their places for debate on such matters as Supplementary Estimates.

Once through a dull week the sluggish

pond has been stirred, leaping for a moment into flash of life. Of course it was the foot of DOX JOSÉ that touched it; none but he is in this respect his own parallel. It came about in debate on Sugar Convention. That was a stroke of State, perhaps not designedly, certainly usefully, effective by way of presenting object lesson of effect of Fiscal Reform carried out by thoroughly capable hands. KEARLEY, who raised the question, cited figures to show how a great British industry has been brought to verge of ruin; 12,000 men turned adrift; 15,000 working short time; price of sugar doubled, and, bitterest of ironies, the production of sugar in the West Indies, for whose benefit the costly sacrifice was made, declining rather than advancing.

For the ex-Minister who carried the Convention in face of desperate opposition this a hard nut to crack. DOX JOSÉ faced situation with customary courage. Facts and figures cited were undeniable; but the Sugar Convention had nothing to do with them except that, by accident, they followed upon its operation. Was Sugar the only thing that, during the past twelve months, had gone up in price? "Look at cotton, and," he added, turning sharply towards C.-B., as if conveying hospitable, personal invitation, "take onions."

Whilst the nation has slumbered the price of onions has insidiously gone up.

Effect of this disclosure sprung upon House, for the moment crowded, was remarkable. Mr. KEARLEY bit his lips in indignation. The fair structure of argument he had built up was demolished at a blow. Mr. LOUGH sarcastically cried "Oh, oh," but in his heart of hearts he felt the game was up. The Sugar question, useful weapon in Opposition hands, had, so to speak, melted in the cup. As by the wand of the magician DOX JOSÉ had fastened public attention upon onions.

"And the worst of onions is," said C.-B. forlornly, "that they are the only thing which during the last nine years the Government have never meddled with nor muddled."

"That's his cleverness," said BRYCE. "Often heard of shunting inconvenient inquiry by drawing red herring across the path. First time the homely onion was ever put to similar use."

Business done.—Not much for Onion-ists.

The Malaria of Ambiguity.

Layman (to Curate). Were you preaching at your church last night?

Curate. No; why?

Layman. Oh, I didn't know whether you would be preaching or not—so I wouldn't risk going.



AT A FENCING "AT HOME."

Distinguished Foreigner (hero of a hundred duels). "It is delightful, MADEMOISELLE. YOU ENGLISH ARE A SPORTING NATION."
 Fair Member. "SO GLAD YOU ARE ENJOYING IT. BY THE WAY, MONSIEUR LE MARQUIS, HAVE THEY INTRODUCED FENCING INTO FRANCE YET?"

AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE.

CHAPTER III.

"Oh! Mums!" cried my cousin PHYLLIS, with that impulsive enthusiasm of hers which some people—not myself—say is all put on, "Do look at this *sweet* little monkey on the organ! *Isn't* he deevie!"

"Deevie" is, I believe, short for "divine" with certain sets. I wouldn't mind betting that PHYLLIS had never applied such a term to me before.

My aunt didn't seem impressed by my deeviness just then. She examined me through a pair of long-handled glasses, which always had the effect of making me feel rather a worm. On this occasion I dropped feebly on all fours.

"Since you ask me, PHYLLIS," said my aunt, "I think he's a frightful little object!" Which was my poor dear aunt all over—never could make the slightest allowances for me!

"I call him perfectly twee!" persisted PHYLLIS. (I don't know what "twee" stands for exactly—but something deuced complimentary.) "Only see how prettily he's scratching his ducky little ear." (This was a bad habit I had been trying all the afternoon to correct.) "He's quite too trotty for words. I wonder if those two nice men would part with him."

"My dear PHYLLIS!" exclaimed my aunt, stepping into the victoria. "Are you quite mad? Home, CHARLES."

"No, wait, CHARLES," said PHYLLIS, as he was about to touch his hat and mount the box by TUMBRIDGE's side. "Darling Mums, I'm quite serious—I am, *really*. And you know we've no pet ever since poor Cockie died." (Cockie was a white cockatoo, and I could understand from what I remembered of him that they would be glad of a little peace.) "I *must* just see if they will sell him."

Even as a child, PHYLLIS generally got her own way. Now she had come out, everybody—my aunt included—knocked under to her at once if she was at all keen on anything. It saved time.

PHYLLIS opened negotiations at once. Fortunately she had no difficulty in making herself understood, as the two sportsmen who ran my show happened to be British artisans of sorts who, being presumably thrown out of employment by foreign competition, had adopted this means of Retaliation.

But as a crowd had already collected, a constable promptly appeared and, with a civility paid rather to my aunt's conveyance than my own, requested us to move on and not obstruct the traffic.

Aunt SELINA would have driven off and left me to my fate, but PHYLLIS wouldn't hear of it, so the disgusted TUMBRIDGE had to turn up a small and unfrequented street close by, followed by me and the piano-organ, and the crowd, which by this time was taking a deep interest in my future.

PHYLLIS is a most awfully charming girl, but a poor hand at monkey-buying—much too eager. Even those two utter outsiders spotted at once that she had set her heart on getting me, and piled it on accordingly. I'd no idea before how fond they were of me—it appeared I was the sunbeam of their cheerless homes, the darling of Joe's missus, the play-fellow of BILL's offspring.

"Really, PHYLLIS," said my downy aunt, "I think it would be too cruel to deprive the poor men of such a pet."

I *knew* the idiots would miff it! and, in my despair, I hit my tambourine a vicious bang.

"Yer see, lydy," explained BILL, "my kids and his missus'd be on'y too thankful to 'ear as pore Jocko 'ad found a good 'ome where he'd be took proper care on. For, I tell yer strite, we can't feed 'im not like the likes of 'im had orter be fed, bein' so dellikit."

"My mate means a dellikit feeder," put in JOE hastily, "and, bein' outer work, we can't git him luxuries and relishes like we did in 'appier times."

It's my belief that precious pair of humbugs had never seen me till that morning, when they had probably hired me for

the day with the organ in Leather Lane or Saffron Hill. All this took time, and I could see that Aunt SELINA was getting a bit restive; even PHYLLIS seemed to find the publicity and notice she was attracting rather more than she had bargained for.

It isn't every day a London crowd has the excitement of seeing a sumptuously-attired young person in a victoria trying to buy a monkey at a fancy figure off an organ, so she was immensely popular. Several of her admirers urged my proprietors to "let the young lydy 'ave the monkey cheap as she'd took sech a fancy for it," though there were one or two soured Socialists who cried "Shame!" on the idle aristocracy which was trying to deprive two poor hard-working men of their only breadwinner.

As for me, I was powerless. I could only sit and look on from the top of my pedestal, like some classical Johnny in a melodrama being put up to auction as a Greek slave. Except that whenever I thought PHYLLIS was beginning to weaken, I tried to revive her enthusiasm by rattling the tambourine.

Perhaps that just turned the scale. Anyhow, she got me at last. What she actually paid for me I don't know—but I've no doubt it was a long way above the market value for a monkey, of whatever breed I belonged to. To be sure, I had talents and intelligence denied to any monkey—but then neither of the parties suspected that as yet.

There wasn't enough in the purse which PHYLLIS took out of her dainty wrist-bag to make up the purchase money. She was obliged to borrow from my aunt, and even from the blushing CHARLES, before my ransom was finally paid in full.

My aunt declined to have me on the little *strapontin* seat in front. As a matter of fact, I had been there before more than once—and a jolly uncomfortable perch it was, too. Still, I'm bound to say I don't altogether blame her just then.

So, when we drove off amidst loud cheers which I do not think were intended altogether in chaff, I was on the box, sitting bodkin between CHARLES and TUMBRIDGE, who were distinctly shirty at having to drive home through the Park with such a companion.

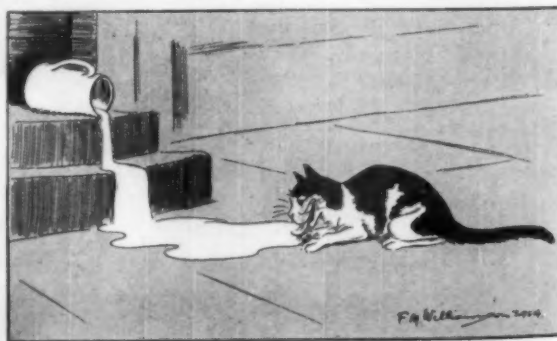
At least so I gathered from the subdued remarks they exchanged above my inoffensive head. Till then I had always thought TUMBRIDGE and CHARLES such respectable men!

Much I cared for their opinions! I had got a rise in the world already, and in a quarter I little expected. I wonder what they would have said if they had known who the quiet unassuming-looking monkey that was sharing the box-seat with them really was, or guessed that if I blinked my eyes it was merely because I was dazzled by the brilliancy of the future that seemed within my grasp.

Naturally they couldn't know all that—and perhaps it was just as well they didn't.

F. A.

PUSS IN THE CORNER.



Puss. "Ah, well, it's no use crying over spilt milk!"

CHARIVARIA.

PUNDIT RAMNARAYAN YOGHASTRI, the well-known astrologer, palmist and clairvoyant, of Cawnpore, has predicted that from March 17 Russia will begin to achieve victory over the Japanese. The advisability of issuing the new Russian loan before that date has, we understand, been realised by the financiers concerned.

The strike epidemic in Russia has not yet died out, for, while matters have apparently been arranged at the Putiloff Works, a message has been received from General KUBOPATKIN that the time has not yet arrived for him to strike.

The Baltic Fleet Commission has found that the Russians were guilty, but innocent.

The report certainly shows one thing: the danger of hasty conclusions. At the time of the outrage in the North Sea, people imagined that Admiral ROZHDESTVENSKY had shown a lack of military capacity and humanity.

The London County Council has decided to have no more motor fire-engines. The men have enough work to do in extinguishing the fires without extinguishing the engines.

The Registrar-General's statistical report which has just been published confirms the popular belief that marriages are not made, to any extent, on earth.

"Hairdressers," we read, "have decided that devotees of fashion must wear Grecian coiffures with the new style of hats." How this ukase affected the voting at Cambridge last week on the Greek question will probably never be known.

The protests raised at Oxford by persons over sixty against Dr. OSLER's drastic proposals have had some effect. The doctor now announces that he will not insist on their being chloroformed.

The annual report of the Dogs' Home comments upon the fact that 23,190 dogs were taken to Battersea by the police for wearing no collars. The

modicum of dress which the law imposes is surely not unreasonable.

A gentleman has written to the *Daily Mail* to complain that in Brixton Prison there are thirty-two aliens. But for these, thirty-two of our own fine fellows might be there.

Mr. EVAN ROBERTS claims to have

cost £20,696 to heat, light, and ventilate the Houses of Parliament last year. This compares most unfavourably with other institutions such as Hengler's, or the Hackney Empire, or the Tooting Debating Society.

M. RODRIGUEZ has been praising our fogs and our art. Our art certainly looks its best in our fogs.

Those people who hold that a classical education is a waste of time, forget the prizes. Last week the University of London advertised for a gentleman to fill a vacancy in the Examination Department, a graduate preferred, his whole time to be at the service of the University. The commencing salary, it is true, would be only £120 a year, but it would rise, by £7 10s. a year, to £150.

"Mr. GEORGE SCHILLING, the American athlete," we read, "has left Newcastle on his last tramp to Glasgow." At a time when one hears so much about tramps being work-shy, it is pleasant to come across an announcement like this.

A gentleman has written an interesting letter to the *Daily Mirror* on the subject of a proposed testimonial to Sir HENRY IRVING. "I would suggest," he says, "that we start a shilling fund for the purchase of the Lyceum. It has been done for a cricketer, why not for an actor?" Many people will be surprised to hear that a cricketer is the present proprietor of the Lyceum.

"King EDWARD in the Dock" was a newspaper heading which caused some unnecessary alarm last week. The paragraph merely recorded the fact that H.M.S. *King Edward VII.* had entered the new dock at Gibraltar.

The National Liberal Federation has passed a resolution in favour of the extension of parliamentary franchise to women. Yes, but it does not follow that the new electors would wish an old lady to be Premier.

"THE Japs are a most repulsive people," as KUBOPATKIN remarked when they kept on driving him back.



BRIDGE BELOW STAIRS.

"GOOD GRACIOUS, JAMES, WHATEVER IS THE MEANING OF THIS EXTRAORDINARY HILARITY IN THE KITCHEN?"

"COOK'S JUST REVOKED FOR THE THIRD TIME, MA'N!"

received a divine command to refrain from speech. Unfortunately, though Welsh, he is not a Member of Parliament.

It cannot justly be said that domestic affairs are being neglected by the House of Commons. CHAMBERLAIN on Sugar, and WYNDHAM on Toast, were the two chief features of last week's Parliament.

According to a return just issued, it

MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE STORY.

THE National Anti-Tea-Duty League is offering prizes for the best stories, verses, and articles in aid of the cause. But why not kill several birds with one stone? In the anticipation that other societies and leagues will fall into line with the N.A.T.D.L., Mr. Punch submits a suggestion for a great and lucrative romance.

THE WOOING OF WINIFRED.

In the pink drawing-room at Templeton Towers sat two people. As Lord ARCHIBALD watched the fair Lady WINIFRED gracefully pouring out the tea he thought that never before had she looked so pretty. It was a cheap tea that she was pouring out, for the duty recently placed upon that commodity put the fragrant Pekoe, in which they usually indulged, far beyond the slender means of her father the Earl. Nay, more, the whole country was compelled to buy these cheap teas (on which the grower makes so little profit), with the result that many a tea-planter was in a fair way to ruin. [First prize of £10 from the National Anti-Tea-Duty League.]

"Sugar?" she asked, with a smile.

"Please," said Lord ARCHIBALD.

"Oh dear," she said, with a pretty gesture of dismay, "I'm afraid there isn't any!"

"Pshaw, pshaw," said Lord ARCHIE. [Gold medal and £5 from the National Anti-Swearing League.]

"I'm so sorry," said WINIFRED. "That horrid Convention, you know," she added vaguely. [Testimonial on vellum and 5s. from the Free Trade Union.]

"My dear WINIFRED," he began expostulatively, "you surely don't believe—" [£50 from Tariff Reform League.]

"H'sh!" said the girl, as her little sister FLOSSIE opened the door and toddled in, "not before the child!" ["Why ever not? If Lord ARCHIBALD isn't going to quote from our 2976th pamphlet I withdraw the £50."—Sec. T.R.L.]

Lord ARCHIE stopped, and gently stroked the hair of the little child. [Third prize of £1 from the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.]

"WINNIE dear, won't you thing thome-thing?" lithped FLOTHTHIE.

"Please do," said ARCHIE, politely; and WINIFRED moved to the piano, and struck a few notes carelessly.

Lord ARCHIBALD thoughtfully closed the window. [Testimonial from the Society for the Prevention of Street Noises.]

Presently she began to sing. The beautiful words rang out clearly:

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine,
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not look for wine."

[Winner of the £500 prize competition inaugurated by the Church of England Temperance Society. May be sung at concerts on payment of one shilling.]

As she sat there Lord ARCHIBALD was moved to admiration of her neat, lissom, yet withal natural figure—[1s. 6d. from Anti-Corset League]—at the bloom of health upon her cheek; and his admiration turned to wonder when he reflected that she did not, like himself, live exclusively on vegetable matter. No doubt she was the one exception which proved the wisdom of his dietary. [Free Meal from Mr. EUSTACE MILES.]

The song ended, and WINIFRED returned to her seat opposite him. Little FLOSSIE was playing with the kitten on the hearthrug, showing that sympathy which the very young always feel for the lower creatures—"A afraid not quite suitable."—Hon. Sec. Our Dumb Friends' League.]—and to all intents and purposes they were alone.

"WINIFRED," he began, "I have something to say to you. You know what my past has been. You know how I wasted my patrimony in card-playing . . . in dances . . . in theatre-going . . . in drinking . . . (Several pages omitted.) . . . How bitterly do I rue my folly now! [Net result: £1324 0s. 1½d. from various "anti" societies.] None the less do I dare now to ask you: Will you make my life happy? Will you—"

"ARCHIE!" she cried. . . .

An hour later he left the house, and with the tact and thoughtfulness typical of the nobleman, jumped into an omnibus without stopping the horses. [£2 and Certificate from the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *Peter's Mother* (SMITH, ELDER), Mrs. HENRY DE LA PASTURE has set herself the task of devising and chronicling the story of conflict between the affections of a mother and the yearning of a still young widow for the love of man. Much is expected from the author of *Deborah of Tod's*. My Baronite finds it here amply forthcoming. Whilst the tale is interesting—not universally the case of a modern novel—the pages are alive with human character. Sir Timothy Creuys, *Peter's* father, disappears early from the scene, but not till his personality is strongly implanted in the mind of the reader. He leaves behind a son who inherits his stubbornness of disposition and his pragmatical manner. Also two sisters, delightfully sketched, who serve the parts of light comedy. They supply an admirable foil to *Peter's* mother, who in her character, her surroundings, and her method of facing them, faintly recalls the far-off figure of the now, alack! forgotten *Daughter of*

Heth. Peter's Mother will decidedly enhance the established reputation of its author. She has a pure, picturesque literary style, an excellent thing in woman, rare among such as write novels.

The Identity of Jane, by ALICE METHLEY (JOHN LONG), is a well-contrived and clearly narrated story. It opens with a short, powerfully dramatic prologue, and the mystery, which is the outcome of it, is well sustained until the disclosure becomes inevitable. Whether every reader will be satisfied with the fate of the *seconda donna* is what an impartial critic would hesitate to assert, nor, perhaps, will the experienced novel-reader, to whom the ways of melodrama are familiar, be inclined to bestow unqualified praise on the not absolutely novel use made of certain lockets and chains where long-lost heiresses are concerned. But allowance being made for these property trinkets, and for the second-class villain, dismissed by the authoress as unmanageable, the reader humming to himself "My pretty Jane, oh never look so shy!" will be fairly interested in the chief heroine's adventures, and will be amused by the very natural humours of the various characters.

The House of Merrilees, by ARCHIBALD MARSHALL (ALSTON RIVERS), is a novel that the Assistant Reader can recommend cordially and with confidence to those who like a really good story, well constructed and excellently told. The secret (for there is a secret, and a very interesting one) is admirably kept up to the end, and the final discovery of the bodies of Sir Roderick Bertram and his wife, together with the jewels into which the Baronet, who was by no means wicked, had converted his great wealth, is an incident which, in its excitement, recalls the good days when novelists thought more of telling an interesting story than of posing a problem, and leaving it without an answer. Mr. MARSHALL, moreover, has a vein of quiet, pleasant humour which is very refreshing.



THE WAIL OF THE ANTI-VIVISECTIONIST.
—Spare my felines!